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THE MARPLOT.

A CASE OF REVERSED ISSUES.

All Dights Bearrest by the Octoral Press Associate

Augusta Van Etten twisted into a whisp the letter which had just reached her from her brother, and cast her pretty blue eyes downward in silent meditation. At the end of the breakfast table opposite where she sat another young lady was enjoying the contents of a newly-arrived morning newspaper. At the first glance a stranger viewing this quiet domestic scene would have thought that the young lady reading the newspaper was the

first one's double.

Closer observation would have resulted in the hypothesis that they were twins, and singularly similar in appearance, though by no means identical. The latter surmise would have been equally incorrect as the former, for there was a year's difference in the ages of the two sisters, Netto, the one reading the newspaper, being the younger of the two. The sisters usu-ally dressed sike, and in the street were almost indistinguishable to all but the closest acquaintances. As to disposition, who ever found two sisters alike

in that respect, even if twins?
"Was your letter from Roberto" asked
Netta, eventually, looking up from her paper.
Augusta wagged her head in an af-

firmative nod.
"He is quite well, I suppose?" Another nod.

"I am going over to the Sandersons 'All right, dear."

"Won't you go?"
"No, thanks, I have to cook."
"Very well. Perhaps I shall stay to lunch, or I may be back early."
"There is no need to hurry, dear, un-

less you choose. I shall be too busy to feel lonely," replied Augusta, still very thoughtful.

Netta went upstairs shortly after-wards and arrayed herself for calling, after doing which she came down, kissed her sister good-bye and departed on foot for the home of the Sandersons. The servant came in to take away the breakfast things a little later, and Augusta rose, went to the window to see that Netta had really gone, and then ventured upstairs to her own chamber.

Going to her wardrobe she took several near-looking gowns down from their pegs, and selecting the prettiest, prepared to make her tollet in an ex-

ceedingly careful manner.
For a person who was about to do
cooking, the conduct of Miss Abgusta Van Etten seemed incomprehensible. Somebody has said, though, that

woman is an enigma.
But what could there be enigmatical about a simple young country girl, scarcely out of her teens, and reared in the bucolic atmosphere of a place like Chesterviller

To avoid any appearance of being about to develop a mystery, we will state the facts of the case as simply as

Robert Van Etten, the head of the family and brother of the two girls, was engaged in business in Philadelphia, from which city Chesterville was distant some fifty miles; and being himself married, the girls were left a good deal to their own devices.

Robert's experience of matrimony led him to consider that it was an excellent him to consider that it was an excellent thing for everybody, and as his sisters were rather isolated where they lived, he took every opportunity of bringing them in contact with young men of a desirable character.

The letter this morning had an-nounced that Mr. Seymour, a friend of

Mr. Van Etten's, as well connected as he was well-to-do, would call to pay his respects when passing through Chesterville on his bicycle, and it bespoke

for him a hearty welcome.

Mr. Seymour was due, the letter stated, Tuesday morning, and as this was Tuesday, the reason of Miss Van Etten's acquiescence in her sister's visiting and as the state of th iting arrangement, and her own elab-orate toilet-making, explain themseives. As for Augusta, her conduct was pardonable, perhaps, for she was a year her sister's senior. Her own con science was doubtless easy on that point, which also amounts to a good deal. At any rate, Augusta felt that her appearance, when she descended to the parlor to await the arrival of Mr. Seymour, was about as satisfactory as could be wished, a reflection quite con-ducive to her fuller peace of mind. Seated near the window, Miss Van Etten commanded a view down the

road leading to the village, and finally,

"SEATED NEAR THE WINDOW." a little before noon, she had the pleas-ure of seeing the gleam of steel fixings

nr the smanne, and a young man natride of a trim-looking 'safety" rap-idly approaching the cottage. Miss Van Etten surveyed the stranger crit-ically as he descended from his bicycle and strode with an athlete's easy grace of movement up to the porch of the

front door.

"Ring-a-ting" went the bell, and Augusta listened for the coming of the maid to answer it.

No maid materialized and the bell was rung again, a little louder.
Miss Van Etten rose from her seat
and went to the door.

A young man was bowing profusely
to her when she opened it.
"Miss Van Etten, I presume?" the
handsome young man said, promptly.
"Yes—Air. Seymour?" retailated the

young tady, adding at once: "Come in Mr. Seymour. I received a letter from my brother in Philadelphia this morn-ing, stating that you would be here to-day. Please take a seat."

The young athlete dropped comfort

The young athlete dropped comfort ably into an inviting chair, responding:
"Yes—Philadelphia—brother—delighted," and so forth, among the polite reloinders.

joinders.
"Doesn't bicycling fatigue one dreadfully?" asked Miss Van Etten, as soon
as she had scolded the girl for her
tardiness and found her own seat.
"Not those who are used to it. You
do not ride, yourself, Miss Van Etten?"
"I am afraid Chesterville would he
shocked out of its senses if one of its female inhabitants dared to do such a
thing."

"And yet such a charmingly pictur-"Yes, Chesterville was rather pretty,"
Miss Van Etten conceded,
"Wasn't it rather dull sometimes?"

"Yes, terribly so."
"Were the neighbors sociable—who were they, and what were their

Before Miss Van Etten was conscious of her actions she was giving a de-tailed description of her neighbors, and her caller was listening as intently as if he really intended making his

nome in Chesterville. His attentiveness was really flattering, to say nothing else. The more he led her to talk, the more charming Miss Van Etten considered him.

He was evidently encouraging her in order to lengthen his call. But that was not at all unpleasant. After the neighbors had been exhausted the conversation drifted to favorite authors.
It was surprising to see what a similarity existed in their tastes.
The conversation was so animated

that another wheelman, approaching the cottage, was scarcely noticed by the busy couple,
A commonplace-looking man dis-



"CAUGHT HIM A BLOW."

the front door. "It is one of those horrid book agents, I know," remarked Miss Van Etten, as she caught a glimpse of the newcomer through the window. On second thought she rose and went

on second tabught she rose and went to the door to intercept the meid, who was going to answer the bell. "No one at home, mind, Chara!" she said, firmly, to the girl. "I don't wish to be interrupted."

A minute later the man retraced his

steps down to the gate, strapped his package back onto the machine, mountd and rode off quietly down the road. "Those book agents are a perfect suisance," commented Miss Van Etten.

"Intolerable," replied her vis-a-vis, promptly, adding: "As a role they travel around with third-class publications, and are so deficient in manner as to bore people insuferably. If they would only sell first-class works and conduct themselves correctly, it would be very different."

Miss Van Etten acquiesced amiably.

The subject of favorite authors was recurred.

"Ben Hur"-oh, certainly-superb-General Wallace was unquestionably the greatest American writer of the age. (Mutual conclusion.)

age. (Mutual conclusion.)
"You have seen 'The Prince of India,' I presume, his latest work?" inquired the Philadelphian. Miss Van Etten had not been so for-tunate. A dive into the bicycling cos

tume, and from some inner receptacle the young man brought forth a neatlybound volume, which he handed to Miss Van Etten.

"These are only some of the illustra-tions," he remarked, carelessly; "the volumes have been gotten out in the most superb style. To tell you the truth, Miss Van Etten, the general is a most particular friend of mine, and I am so enthusiastic about the success of his work that I am actually playing the role of an amateur book agent. I was sorry to hear you speak so disparagingly of the profession a few minutes ago, although they decidedly merit it; but you see, in my case it's entirely differ-ent—something like a gentleman mak-ing a wager that he will cross the continent without a dollar in his pocket.
"I simply insist that all my friends, of whom I have a large number, assist me to gratify my hobby, and just for fun make them all sign a contract to take the book and help swell the bank account, as well as increase the reputation of my friend, the general. your case I see that you are such an en-thusiast over his works I shall scarcely have to insist—you will most willingly

"With the greatest of pleasure, Mr. General Wallace's friend handed a slip of paper to Miss Van Etten to sign, to which she promptly affixed her sig-nature with the stylographic pen pro-

duced by her visitor.
"I am awfully obliged. Now, I shell

have to apologize for having stayed so long, and get upon my wheel again for

An Ohio Mother's Letter. MANSFIELD, O., March 13, 1898,-"I have used Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion for two years and it gives relief to my children when years and it gives relief to my children when cutting teeth. My child after having the lotion applied a few times would actually cryfor it. I have also used Dr. Hand's Colic Cure and Dr. Hane's Cough and Croup medicine and can recommend them to all mothers."—Mrs. M. A. Ridenow. Dr. Hand's Remedies for children are sold by all druggists for 25c. For Sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon. O.

lighted to have met you. When will you be in Philadelphia? May I have the pleasure of seeing you again, some time? Your brother must arrange it somehow. I am delighted with Chesterville. Everything is so lovely here. Why do we have to leave such pleasant pleasant.

piaces."
Miss Van Etten was blushing. There was a hasty touch of the fingers, a low bow, elaborated to almost the length of the gardon path, and the book agent are dober

"I have brought his. Seymour back

to steal," you say, and you ask, "What did he do with them?" Well, he drank the oil and smacked his lips with a relish after ft; and he ate the candles with more enjoyment than any of my naphews ate candy.

You see, it is a very cold country, and the people up there need heat-producing food, for these fate and oils warm up in our bodies, just as they do in lamps and candlesticks, with a little difference you will understand. Once I came into my tent while Negho was nating a stolen candle; indeed, that is how I first discovered it, and anxious to hide the theft he swallowed it. The wick caught on one of his teetil, and he was selzed with a strangling fit. I patted him vigorously on the back patted him vigorously on the back and brought up the wick with bits of tallow advering, and he was a very penitent and a very sad boy. After that I tried to hide the candles.

Umak was Negho's father, and he lived down the shore in a house that couldn't be seen till one came right on it. It was like a big cellar rooted in with clay and moss, and the hole through which the smoke came looked like a haby volcano, but where the smoke came out the people went in, for it was at once, chimney, door and window.

The way to enter the house was by climbing down a notched pole. Shell lamps, filled with fish oil, lit up the place, and made a smell very hard for a white man to bear. About the walls there were bunks, like those on a ship or in a sleeping car, though far from being so clean. Furs were used for clothing and bed covers, but there were no change of clothes on going to bed or getting up, and no bathing or washing. The people varnish them-selves with oil, but the only time they ever wet themselves is when they are thrown into the cold salt sea from their kyaks, when hunting the seal or wal

Negho's little brothers and sisters with a lot of children from the neigh-



portng cellars, were running about in rery light attire; and judging by their happy laughter, they were having a good time of it. Some sat in groups playing a game with the knuckie bones of the seal, that resembled our jack-

Hanging from the roof of this strang house there were long strings of dried ish, black with soot from the fire and lamps, and in the corner there were skin bage full of dil for food, fuel and

The only English words Negho knew were "grub" and "dollar." He made me sit down on a chair made from the jawbone of a young whale—even the refters were whale's ribe—and then hopped about gleefully and cried out:
"Oh, grub! grub!"
His mother and an old woman with

sore eyes, who must have been his grandmother, and a still older woman with much sorer eyes, who must have been his great grandmother, brought me some oil in a cup made from a seal's skull, on platters made of the shoulder blades of dogs. They brought me fish and dried reindeer meat, and to show appreciated their hospitality I went brough the motions of eating.

They raise a few potatoes at Kodiak, and this is the only vegetable food of the natives, and a friend of mine made this rhyme:

"The potatoes grow so small—in Kodisk That they est them skins sad all, And for more the children bawl—in Ko-disk."

There are ro schools, and except the little mission chapel at Alexandria, there is not a church in all the vast number of islands that link Asia to merica

The men are famous hunters and fishers, and my boy Negho was the equal of the best, for he had speared a walrus, and be could drive a team; of

twenty dogs over the snow.

They work hard during their one day of six months, but the long night is not dreary to them. The moon, the stars and the brilliant surors are good what it is not dreary to them. substitutes for the sun. I wante take Negho away with me to a land where he could have no end of candles to eat, but he shook his head and told me as well as he could that to him the fairest land in all the world was the frozen island of Kodiak.

CAPTAIN TOM.

Now Try This.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a Carlotta, t Cough, Cold, or any trouble with Throat, Chest or Lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for Comsumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to give "Just so relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the The prince's family on learning the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottles free at D. J. Humphrey's on the proud prince, was it not?" drug store. Large size 50c. and \$1.00.

His Loss. "Well," said Mr. Tripkins as he sat down to his desk rather later than usual, "they've been to see me at last."

"Who?" "Burglars." "You don't mean it? I suppose you'll have to borrow spoons to use at dinner tonight now?"

"No. The spoons aren't silver. They didn't touch 'em." "Take any money or wearing appara191 'No."

"Well, I don't see what cause you have to be blue." "Maybe not, but when you get attached to an animal it's hard to lose him. They went through the house and couldn't find anything else worth taking, so they stole my watchdog."-

London Tit-Bits.

A SURE CURE.

Would you know a cure for "the blues," dear friend? Just list to my rhyme a minute. Then copy with care the recipe penned And in study or chamber pin it.

Look up somebody whose daily life turned. "He is not only a prince, but Is sore fraught with want or sade man." Bethink how with blessings your lot is rifa. What reasons you have for gladness.

Tis wonderful, friend, how many we'll find Worse off than ourselves around us.
Whose greater griefs once brought to the
mind,
With shame at our plaints confound us.

But stay not yet, scarce a half is done To work the cure intended. Strive to lighten the load of some burdened

See one heart at least befriended. Ah, here lies the secret of sure delight.
When we seek the sorrows to banish
Of a suffering brother, in sudden flight,
Behold, all our own do vanish.
—Minneapolis Housekeeper.

CARLOTTA.

I have been at great pains to get to the bottom of the whole story. When I first began to trace it by inquiries among circus managers, performers and employees, I was myself a doubter. The whole thing was so strange, romantic and remarkable that I did not give it much credence.

It seemed so improbable, so impossi-ble, that for a time I thought it absurd, too ridiculous to investigate.

I myself had seen Carlotta on her first appearance in America and remember her as a great artist, a superb creature, very dark, very beautiful, and such eyes, so large, so black at the first look-it seemed as though her face was all eyes.

I do not remember whether Carlotta was Spanish or Italian. She had many accomplishments and spoke several langnages. She had been about everywhere all over the world, following her profession, and on account of her splendid talent commanding the highest of sal-

The manager who induced the black eyed Carlotta to come to America in-deed secured a prize—that rare thing, a drawing card. The equestrienne came direct from St. Petersburg to New York, bringing her own ring stock and accompanied by a groom. There was no opportunity at that time

for the company with which the artist was to appear to open in New York, although during the season Philadelphia and Boston were favored with an opportunity of seeing a real queen of the arena. From all that I can learn the foreign artist was exceedingly tractable, or, as the manager phrased it, "easy to get along with." Said the senior partner to

'If there was ever a woman who minded her own business, it is she," Corlotta, though, was reticent and dignified, and although she was not familiar nor permitted any familiarity on the part of the other members of the company every attache admired her and spoke in her praise. It was the same with the ring people, the concert folks and the working force.

The beautiful rider at this time wore serious air, and while she was not pining away or running into a decline a smile rarely rose to her lips, except when the applause rang around the ring and the people's plaudits caused her black eyes to dance with pleasure.

Some surmised that the woman was homesick and sighed for more familiar scenes and surroundings, and one sympathizing sister, who had herself been touched by a Cupid's dart, remarked: "I guess if the truth were known Car lotta is in love!"

That little miss was a good guesser She must have been a genuine Yankee, Of course such a beautiful woman and such an artist had admirers in the company who would have breathed matrimonial aspirations if they had received any encouragement.

It is a matter of fact that the senior manager, a widower, endeavored in vain to capture the charming equestrienne, but in spite of his position and his solid fortune he received no more encouragement than the other ambitious Whatever was the story of her heart,

the woman had no confidents, and the season was far advanced before any of us were any the wiser as to her anteced-

A performer who had traveled much abroad and appeared in foreign circuses with our lady magnificent visited our show, and from him it was learned that there was a partenlar and peculiar cause for the presence in America of Carlotta, the rider.

I was just as hungry for the news as any of them, and this is what this man had to say as near as I can recall it:

"As you say, Carlotta is a great rider and as good as she is great. Why, she set Europe ablaze, that woman did, and it is in the European capitals that an arenic artist is appreciated. I know that both by observation and experi

The man spoke with enthusiasm, and he could have had no better listener. I was all attention as he continued:

"Now, what I am going to tell you is sacred. I am not telling all the rest of this, but one can't help looking on so interesting a subject. Understand me that there was no scandal in the matter, but the secret is out when I tell you that Carlotta, the circus rider, was loved by

I repeated, "Carlotta, the circus rider, was loved by a prince!" "Just so," remarked the relator, re suming, "and now mark the result. state of affairs hustled the prince out of the way. Over there a prince must obey orders or incur the royal displeasure.

and his allowance was cut off. Rough I thought it was "rough" and said so and then asked: "Did the prince love the circus rider.

The young fellow was just 'buried,

the superb, the beautiful Carlotta?" "He did," was the answer. "And the rider loved the prince?"

"Without a doubt." "And where is the prince?" "Oh, I suppose he is still under parental surveillance and displeasure.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment Is a certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Granulated Eye Lids, Sore Nipples, Piles, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum and Scald Head, 25 cents per box. For sale by druggists, TO HORSE OWNERS.

For putting a horse in a fine healthy condition try Dr. Cady's Condition Powders. They tone up the system, aid digestion, cure loss of appetite, relieve constipation, correct kidney disorders and destroy worms, giving new life to an old or over worked horse. 25 cents per package. For sale by druggists. D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, O.

"And win they ever be brought together again?" "Love not only laughs at locksmiths

but it grins at mad papas."
"But he has rank," I suggested. "Yes, and he has a heart," he re-

That was all he knew about the case and I knew no more until the very last day of the season, when a distinguished gentleman, with the air if not the title of a prince, arrived as a visitor to our queen of the circle, the beautiful brunette, Carlotta.

There is always something of a hurry and a scurry when the circus season comes to an end and the band at the last performance plays "Home, Sweet Home," and I was unusually busy myself, but not so much engaged as not to notice that Carlotta and the stranger

appeared to be supremely happy.

What an act Carlotta rode at both performances that day! Such style, such grace, such abandon! I remarked it to one of the managers with the compliment:

"A great rider!" "Greatest the world ever saw!" be returned and added. "But she is lost to us. She will not re-engage."

"On account of the newcomer?" suggested.
"More than likely," returned the manager.

At the breaking up of the show there was a general bandshaking and saying of "Goodby" all around. The last said the words to was the queen of them all, the peerless Carlotta. The beauty was gracious, and as she extended her little hand, with its jeweled fingers, she said sweetly: "You have all been so kind. Adjen!"

That was nice, but Carlotta did not introduce me to her distinguished visitor. "Of course he is the prince," I said to myself. That was the last time I ever saw either of them. And it was years and years before I even heard of them. and then I obtained my information in a peculiar way-the information came unsought-I stumbled upon it.

I had engaged to go out with a tent show and was sent for by the manager just after the holidays to do some writing up for the next season. He had been building some very costly tableau cars for the street parades, and he took me over to the winter quarters that I might see them and expend some adjectives descriptive of their massive grandenr.

At the quarters I met several attache with whom I had traveled in previous years, and one, Sailor Dan, was overjoyed to meet me, as we had not seen each other for years. The old canvasman's greeting was as honest as it was hearty. He explained: "I am making a set of cage covers for

the old man." "Where have you been since I saw you last?" I asked,

"Down in South America," be re plied. "Had a good, a great time, but after all said and done I'm glad to be back in this country. There is no place like old Philadelphia, after all." Fortunately the manager was called

to another part of the quarters, giving Sailor Dan a chance to talk, and he was a great talker. "You see," said Dan, "when that season ended, when you saw me last, I en-

gaged to Carlotta to go to South America as her groom. You see, her groom was that homesick that he wouldn't travel any more and went home to some outlandish part of Europe. Now, I'm a sailor, not altogether green about horses, as you may know, knocking

so many years. "Well, we went down into South America-that is, Carlotta, her husband, the prince, and me".

"The prince?" "Yes, a genuine out and out prince with royal blood in him. You see, they fell in love with each other before she banished berself to America, and his old man set on him and stopped his pocket money. But he was true to she, and she was true to he, and all came out like a story book. I guess the truth of it was the prince was a little short of

change, but she had enough for both. "We hadn't more than got down into South America than there was a great kerbobery kicked up, one of those short order revolutions, and what did the prince do but, being a military man, he took a hand in and just fought his way right up to the throne, he and me,"

"You must have enjoyed your position," I said. "Enjoyed it! I guess I did!" anwered Sailor Dan. "And what a dandy queen Carlotta did make, and how the people loved her! As for the king, he was a fine fellow, as nice a man as I ever worked for. He and I used to se. day after day on the steps of the throne and do nothing but smoke 25 cent ci-

gars!"-Charles H. Day in New York CONDENSED NEWS.

A Collection of Interesting Items on Various Subjects, Especially Prepared For the Hasty Reader.

The constitutional convention of the state of New York has been called to order at Albany. Joseph Choate was elected president, receiving 124 out of 154 votes. Barnum's circus gave a performance President and Mrs. Cleveland and the children and Secretary and Mrs. This is the first time anything of this sort

was ever done in America.

Twenty-three deserters of Galvin's industrial army were arrested at Elrod, 18 miles east of Pittsburg, and taken to Pittsburg in a boxcar. Galvin with 200 men was at McKeesport, Pa., Wednesday. He will follow the national pike—Coxey's

Three Americans, H. L. Benton, C. P. Hall and Frank Turnsill, with two Mexi-can guides, went into the Sierra Madra mountains, prospecting and hunting. The bodies of Benton and Hall have been found devoured. A note fastened to a stake indicated starvation. The others are supposed to have also died elsewhere. A war is on in the National Burial Case ssociation that means cheaper cask eta.

The Madison Square Garden, New York,

postoffice site. Louisianans are alarmed because the ecretary of war has given permission for the use of Fort Pike as a leper hospital for this state, at the request of the Louisiana representatives, acting in the name of the state of Louisiana and the city of New Orleans. Fort Pike stands on a marshy island near the mouth of Lake Ponchartrain, commanding the rear entrance to

New Orleans. A tornado Thursday did considerable damage in southern Indiana and Illinois and western Kentucky.

Mrs. John Porter and three children were drowned while attempting to ford Strawberry river near Little Rock.

The man-killing elephant Tip was poisoned in Central park, New York, Friday.

The trial of the Indianapolis bank wreck-

The appeal of John V. McKane to the United States supreme court was decided against McKane.

tective Harvey in Syracuse in July, 1893, was electroctated at the Auburn (N. Y.)

penitentiary.

A new electric process which is calcudiscovered in Germany.

Hegwer, commander-in-chief of the

Hegwer, commander-in-chief of the Coxey reserve army of Denver, announces that 25,000 men are ready to move on to Washington from Colorado in one body and when the other states west of the Mississippi are heard from the day for starting will be set.

Rev. Myron Reed, of Denver, perhaps the best known minister in Colorado, in a service Spendag right or the Core

sermon Sanday night on the Coxey move-ment said: "I would like to see a half million of the unemployed camped in and around the national reservation called the District of Columbia. From there the most of our woes have come. To there let them return. Let the chickens hatched in Washington go home to roost."

Orimes and Casualties.

At Sharon Springs, Kan., William and Lewis McKipley, father and son, were lynched for the murder of Charley Carley, who had but recently married the elder McKinley's daughter. It had been stipu-lated before the marriage that the groom was to pay the bride's father \$300 for the privilege of marrying her. The groom re-fused to pay this money after he was safely married, and thus incurred the emnity of his wife's father and brothers. At the preliminary trial it developed that the murder had been committed by another son. Fred, 17, who did the deed at the in-stigation of his father and brother. He was in a hotel under guard, or he would also have been lynched.

All the bills for the extermination of the All the tills for the extermination of the flussian thistle that have been pending in the house committee of agriculture have been reported adversely to the house.

A Sandstorm at Watertown, S. D., stopped all business and cansed the schools to be closed.

W. C. Lene, superintendent of Station.

W. C. Lane, superintendent of Station B, Cincinnati, has been arrested, charged with robbing the mails.

Nell McNeill, Emlin Ogborn and Mollie

Bobbitt are charged with manslaughter at Lancaster in the killing of Thomas J. Davis in December. They are of aristo cratic families.

In Indianapolis, Frank Henneberger shot and probably fatally wounded James

Baker, who acted as messenger between Mrs. Henneberger and Jack Kempf, a music teacher, who had been forbidden the house by Henneberger. Baker threatened to thrash the injured husband when told to leave the house. He was then shot.
At Fairchance, Pa., striking cokers tied workman to a post and brutally whipped him.

The coke strikers in the vicinity of

spirit. A number of people were badly hurt in a wreck on the Monon near Hammond Indiana.

Mike Fitzgerald, a Coxey leader from New England, with Lani Kalangraff and Joseph Wemboth of Philadelphia are under arrest in Philadelphia, charged with

Uniontown, Pa., are showing a lawless

"holding an anarchistic meeting." Fires. Fire in the British ordnance storehou at Bermuda caused a loss of £100,000. The magazine was threatened and the utmost terror reigned.

St. Paul. Loss \$140,000. Foreign. The British home secretary, Hon. Henry Asquith, has refused to reopen Mrs. May

Fire destroyed Watrous' engine works at

Deaths. George K. Duckworth, the well known Cincinnati capitalist and distiller, is dead. Mount Vernon, O., is boring three more

Mother Have You a Baby? If so, get from your druggist to-day for 25 cts, a bottle of Dr. Hand's Colic Cure. Every baby often has distressing colic. Dr. Hand's Colic Cure gives immediate relief by removing wind from the stomach and quieting toe nerves, giving restful sleep. Mother, think of the worry and anxiety this saves you. If your baby is teething, Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion for 25 cents soothes and relieves all nain. Sold by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, Ohio.

cheaper for you to use, if you The state department has been called upon to investigate an alleged outrage on Americans of Honduraa.

Lucius P. Wilson, who murdered Detective Harrare in Superior Soap would be, if given to you; for by its use clothes are saved. Clothes cost more than soap This soap cost in 1869 twenty cents a bar. lated to revolutionize the production of iron and steel, is reported to have been Now it cost nine. It contains precisely the same ingredients, and no others, now as then, and costs less than half. Buy it of your grocer, use it and preserve your clothes. If he

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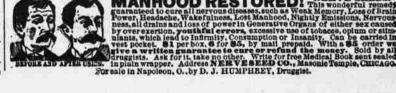
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